

Feb. 25, 1924.

Mr. Lucius N. Wilcox,  
711 17th Street,  
Denver, Colo.

Dear Lute Wilcox:

That is indeed like an echo from Them Good Old Days, when you and I were younger and the world was wetter and better. I remember you very well for your admirable work on the "Optic". I am glad you haven't fully lost sight of my smoke.

But I am distressed to know that you have been blind so long. I was totally blind for a year and a half from the jungle fever of Guatemala; so I know pretty well what it is like. My twelve-year old boy led me everywhere-- including two extensive scientific expeditions and excavation in New Mexico; and made a lot of fine 5 x 8 glass negatives with his eye and my savvy; and I wrote a great deal, and got along pretty well. But I confess to a preference to having eyesight-- even as poor as mine is. One eye is dead-gone with cataract, and the other not very strong-- but we get along admirably.

And I am sure that one with your energy and your resources will find the world big and workable even with this handicap. That is a fine activity you have taken up for the blind.

I send you a copy of the Spanish Songs of Old California and feel sure it will warm your heart-- not merely as an important contri-



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bution to Folklore and to history, but as a right human thing for our own everyday use. It is a real pleasure to hear from you after all these years, and you may be sure you have a pleasant place in my memory.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely Yours,



"NOT FOR OURSELVES ALONE"

OFFICERS

LUCIUS M. WILCOX, PRES.  
CHARLES B. YOUNG, SEC.-TREAS.

THE UNITED WORKERS FOR THE  
BLIND OF COLORADO

(Incorporated)

PHONE MAIN 1753

711 SEVENTEENTH STREET

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LUTE WILCOX

DENVER, COLO.,

February 23, 1924

Charles F. Lummis,

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Lummis:

I beg your pardon for not responding more promptly to your recent letter in re your flowers of the lost romance, and I am now enclosing check to cover cost of a copy for myself.

I remember you at Isleta in the Golden Days when I was editor of the Las Vegas Optic and have since acquired some of your books. Once I saw a magazine article in which you took up some of the old songs and have since hunted for the copy but have been unable to find it.

All these years I have had pretty much the same idea of compiling a volume of Mex posy, but was forced when blindness came on some thirty years ago to gradually grow out of the notion. I am now devoting my time entirely to blind philanthropy and am almost entirely out of literary work. I am beginning to think that the few of us who are left of the old guard do not amount to much in the light of the modern cosmocriery.

If I can be of any service to you, please command me.

Yours very truly,

*Lute Wilcox*